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THE HISTORY OF THE CAMERONS.

By the EDITOR.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN an old Manuscript history of this family printed with "The Memoirs of Lochell" in 1842, the author says—"The Camerons have a tradition among them that they were originally descended of a younger son of the Royal Family of Denmark, who assisted at the restoration of King Fergus II., anno 404. He was called Cameron from his crooked nose, as that word imports. But it is more probable that they were of the aborigines of the ancient Scots or Caledonians that first planted the country." Skene quotes the family Manuscript in his "Highlanders of Scotland," and agrees with its author that the clan came originally from the ancient inhabitants of the District of Lochaber. He says, "with this last conclusion I am fully disposed to agree, but John Major has placed the matter beyond a doubt, for in mentioning on one occasion the Clan Chattan and the Clan Cameron, he says, 'Hae tribus sunt consanguineæ.' They therefore formed a part of the extensive tribe of Moray, and followed the chief of that race un-

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til the tribe became broken up, in consequence of the success of the Mackintoshes in the conflict on the North Inch of Perth in 1396," after which the Camerons separated themselves from the main stem, and assumed a position of independence. Major says that "these two tribes are of the same stock, and followed one head of their race as chief." Gregory, who agrees with these other authorities, says that the Camerons, as far back as he could trace, had their seat in Lochaber, and appeared to have been first connected with the Macdonalds of Islay in the reign of Robert Bruce, from whom Agus Og of Isla had a grant of Lochaber. "There is reason to believe," he continues, "that the Clan Chameron and Clan Chattan had a common origin, and for some time followed one chief." They have, however, been separated, according to this author, ever since the middle of the fourteenth century, if not from an earlier date. Alexander Mackintosh-Shaw, in his recently published History of the Mackintoshes, makes a sturdy attempt to upset the authorities here quoted, founding his argument mainly on a difference between the original edition of Major, printed at Paris in 1521, and the Edinburgh edition of 1740. We can only say here that the ingenious argument used appears to us to weaken rather than strengthen the position taken up by the author of the Mackintosh History, and in his "Postscript," written in reply to Skene's views as set forth in Vol. III, *Celtic Scotland*, Mr Mackintosh-Shaw modifies what he previously, in the body of his work, contended for. In this Postscript he says:—"I have no wish to deny the *possibility* that the two clans were connected in their remote origin; all I say is, that no sufficient evidence of such connection has yet appeared, and therefore that no writer is justified in affirming the connection as a fact." Compare this with what he writes at p. 129 of the same work, where he says that the original reading of Major, and the considerations suggested by it, "afford very strong evidence that the statements of Mr Skene as to the community of stock of Clan Chattan and Clan Cameron. . . are in reality unfounded." Skene has also to some extent modified the opinion published by him, in 1837, in his "Highlanders of Scotland." In that work he maintained that the famous combat on the North Inch of Perth was fought between the Mackintoshes and the Macphersons, whereas in his later work, *Celtic Scotland*, he comes to the conclusion that the

combatants were the Mackintoshes and the Camerons. All our leading authorities are thus now at one on this ticklish question.

Skene's later conclusions on this subject are important. In his more recent work he informs us that when the Royal forces attacked Alexander, Lord of the Isles, in 1429, and defeated him in Lochaber, the two tribes who deserted him and went over to the Royalists were, according to Bower, the "Clan Katan and Clan Cameron;" while Maurice Buchanan gives them, "more correctly, as the Clan de Guyllequhatan and Clan Cameron." On Palm Sunday, being the 20th of March following, the Clan Chattan attacked the Clan Cameron when assembled in a church, to which they set fire, "and nearly destroyed the whole Clan." Though it would seem from these statements that all the Camerons and Mackintoshes deserted the Lord of Isles on that occasion, it is clear that this was not the case, for, after his restoration to liberty, the Hebridean chief, in 1443, granted a charter to Malcolm Mackintosh of the lands of Keppoch, and, in 1447, conferred upon him the office of Bailie of the Lordship of Lochaber. Ample evidence is forthcoming that the Clan Cameron was by no means totally destroyed as stated by the chroniclers. "It would thus appear," says Skene, "that a part only of these two clans had deserted the Lord of the Isles in 1429, and a part adhered to him; that the conflict on Palm Sunday was between the former part of these clans, and that the leaders of those who adhered to the Lord of the Isles became afterwards recognised as captains of the respective clans. It further appears that there was, within no distant time after the conflict on the North Inch of Perth, a bitter feud between the two clans who had deserted the Lord of the Isles, and there are indications that this was merely the renewal of an older quarrel, for both clans undoubtedly contested the right to the lands of Glenlui and Lochark-aig in Lochaber, to which William Mackintosh received a charter from the Lord of the Isles in 1336, while they unquestionably afterwards formed a part of the territory possessed by the Camerons. By the later historians one of the clans who fought on the North Inch of Perth, and who were termed by the earlier chroniclers Clan Quhele, are identified with the Clan Chattan, and that this identification is well founded so far as regards that part of the clan which adhered to the Royal cause, while that, on the part of

the Clan Cameron who followed the same course, and were nearly entirely destroyed on Palm Sunday, we may recognise their opponents, the Clan Kay, is not without much probability." We consider this highly probable; and the fact that Skene has found it necessary to depart so far from his earlier theory gives it greater weight, and now makes it altogether pretty conclusive.

The Clan Chattan of modern times who followed Mackintosh as Captain of the clan, consisted of sixteen septs, but the original Clan Chattan was formed of the Clan Mhuirich, or Macphersons, the Clan Daibhidh or Davidsons, "who were called the Old Clan Chattan," and six others, who came under the protection of the clan, namely the Macgillivrays, the Macbeans, the Clan MhicGovies, the Clan Tarrel, the Clan Cheann-Duibh, and the Sliochd-Gowchruim or Smiths. The Clan MhicGovies were a branch of the Camerons, while the Smiths were the descendants of the famous *Gobha* or Smith who took the place of the missing man at Perth in 1396.

On the other hand, the Camerons at that period consisted of four branches or septs, known "as the Clan Gillanphaigh or Gillonie, or Camerons of Invermalie and Strone; the Clan Soirle, or Camerons of Glenevis; the Clan Mhic Mhartain, or Macmartins of Letterfinlay; and the Camerons of Lochiel. The latter were the sept whose head became Captain of Clan Cameron and adhered to the Lord of the Isles, while the three former represented the part of the clan who seceded from him in 1429. Besides these there were dependent septs, the chief of which were the Clan Mhic Gilveil or Macmillans, and these were believed to be of the race of Clan Chattan. The connection between the two clans is thus apparent. Now there are preserved genealogies of both clans in their earlier forms, written not long after the year 1429. One is termed the 'genealogy of the Clan an Toisig, that is the Clan Gillechattan,' and it gives it in two separate lines. The first represented the Older Mackintoshes. The second is deduced from Gillechattan Mor, the eponymus of the clan. His great grandson Muireach, from whom the Clan Mhuirich takes its name, has a son Domnall or Donald, called 'an Caimgilla,' and this word when aspirated would form the name Kevil or Quhevil. The chief seat of this branch of the clan

can also be ascertained, for Alexander, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross, confirms a charter granted by William, Earl of Ross, in 1338, of the lands of Dalnafert and Kinrorayth or Kinrara, under reservation of one acre of ground near the Stychan of the town of Dalnavert, where was situated the manor of the late Seayth, son of Ferchard, and we find a 'Tsead, son of Ferquhar,' in the genealogy at the same period. Moreover, the grandson of this Seayth was Disiab or Shaw, who thus was contemporary with the Shaw who fought in 1396. With regard to the Clan Cameron, the invariable tradition is that the head of the Macgillonies or Macgillanaigh led the clan who fought with the Clan Chattan during the long feud between them, and the old genealogy terms the Camerons Clan Maelanshaigh, or the race of the servant of the prophet, and deduces them from a common ancestor, the Clan Maelanshaigh and the Clan Camshron, and as the epithet 'an Caimgilla,' when aspirated, would become 'Kevil,' so the word 'Fhaigh' in its aspirated form would be represented by the 'Hay' of the chroniclers. John Major probably gives the clue to the whole transaction, when he tells us that 'these two clans'—the Clan Chattan and Clan Cameron, which, as we have seen, had a certain connection through their dependent septs 'were of one blood, having but little in lordships, but following one head of their race as principal, with their kinsman and dependents.' He is apparently describing their position before these dissensions broke out between them, and his description refers us back to the period when the two clans formed one tribe, possessing the district of Lochaber as their Tuath or country, where the lands in dispute—Glenlui and Locharkaig—were probably the official demesne of the 'old Toisech, or head of the tribe.'* The ancient and common origin of the Mackintoshes and Camerons in that of the Old Clan Chattan will, we think, be admitted by all whose special theories as to the origin of their own families will not be upset or seriously affected by an admission of the fact.

The original possessions of the Camerons were confined to the portion of Lochaber lying on the east side of the Loch and River of Lochy, held of the Lord of the Isles as superior. The more modern possessions of the clan—Lochiel and Lochark-

* *Celtic Scotland*, Vol. III., pp. 313-318.

aig—lying on the west side of these waters were at an earlier period granted by the Island lord to Macdonald of Clanranald, by whose descendants they were for many generations inhabited. Skene holds that, as the Camerons are one of those clans whose chief bore the somewhat doubtful title of Captain, a strong suspicion exists that the Cameron chiefs were of a different branch from the older family, and had, in common with the other families among whom the title of captain is found, been the oldest cadet, and in that capacity had superseded the elder branch at a period when the latter became reduced in position and circumstances.

The traditionary origin of the Camerons proper clearly points to the ancient chiefs of the clan, for, continues the same author, "while they are unquestionably of native origin, their tradition derives them from a certain Cambro, a Dane, who is said to have acquired his property with the chiefship of the clan, by marriage with the daughter and heiress of Macmartin of Letterfinlay. The extraordinary identity of all these traditionary tales, wherever the title of Captain is used, leaves little room to doubt that in this case the Macmartins were the old chiefs of the clan, and the Lochiel family were the oldest cadets, whose after-position at the head of the clan gave them the title of Captain of the Clan Cameron. There is reason to think that, on the acquisition of the Captainship of the Clan Chattan, in 1396, by the Mackintoshes, the Macmartins adhered to the successful faction, while the great body of the Clan, with the Camerons of Lochiel, declared themselves independent, and thus the Lochiel family gained that position which they have ever since retained."* It is supposed that another circumstance—the desertion of the Lord of the Isles by the Clan at Inverlochy in 1431—helped to raise the leader of the Lochiel Camerons to the chiefship of the whole clan, at a time when the Macmartins, after the victory of the Lord of the Isles, were furiously attacked, and their leader driven to exile in Ireland, while his followers had to take refuge in the more mountainous parts of the Cameron country. The Macmartins were afterwards unable to assume their former position at the head of their house, and Cameron of Lochiel, the oldest cadet of the family, assumed the chiefship of the whole clan,

* *Highlanders of Scotland*, Vol. II., pp. 194-195.

with the title of Captain, and was placed at their head. The leader who is said to have first taken up this distinguished position was the renowned Donald Dubh from whom the Cameron chiefs take their patronymic of "Mac Dhomh'uill Duibh," and of whom at length, in his proper place, hereafter.

According to the Manuscript of 1450, which begins the genealogy of the MacGilllonie Camerons with Ewen, son of Donald Dubh last mentioned, the descent of the early family chiefs extend back from Donald's son in the following order:—"Ewen, son of Donald Dubh, son of Allan Millony, son of Paul, son of Gillepatrick, son of Gillemartan, son of Paul, son of Millony, son of Gillerorh,* from whom descended the Clan Cameron and Clan Millony; son of Gillemartan Og, son of Gilleniorgan, son of Gillemartan Mor, son of Gilleewen, son of Gillepaul, son of Eacada, son of Gartnaid, son of Digail, son of Poulacin, son of Art, son of Angus Mor, son of Erc, son of Telt."† This genealogy clearly refers to the "Maelanfhaigh" or Macgilllonie stem of the family, though it begins with Ewen, son of Donald Dubh, who died before his father without issue, when he was succeeded by his brother Donald, who represented and carried on the Cameron line of succession, which we shall now proceed to trace from its original source, so far as we can with the meagre materials within our reach.

The name Cameron in ancient times was variously written in such forms as Cameron, Cambron, Cambrun. The first of which we find any trace is,

1. ANGUS, who married Marion, one of the daughters of Kenneth III. King of Scotland, and sister of Bancho, Thane of Lochaber, a fact which amply proves that Angus was a person of rank and dignity, even at that early period, for Bancho, in addition to his position as a Royal Prince, was governor of one of the largest Provinces in the Kingdom, Lochaber being said to comprehend, at that time, all the lands between the River Spey and the Western Sea. Angus is alleged to have been instrumental

* Skene says in a foot-note, Vol. III., *Celtic Scotland*, p. 480, "This is the Gillerorh mentioned by Fordun in 1222 as a follower of Macohecan in his insurrection, along with whom he witnesses a charter as Gillerorh, son of Gillemartan.

† Translated by Skene, and printed with the Gaelic original in *Celtic Scotland*, Vol. III. p. 480.

in saving Fleance the son of Bancho, and his own lady's nephew, from the cruelty of Macbeth, and to have been rewarded and highly esteemed on that account. He is said to have died about 1020, when he was succeeded by his son.

2. GILLESPICK OR ARCHIBALD, who joined the loyalists and assisted in the restoration of Malcolm Ceanmore in 1057. For this service he was, according to the family historian, raised with many others to the dignity of a "Lord Baron," on the 25th of April in that year; but such dignities it seems were not hereditary in Scotland in those days, but ended with the lives of those on whom they were conferred, though, in many cases, they were renewed to their sons. This does not appear to have happened in the case of the Camerons, and the dignity died with its first possessor. He was succeeded by his eldest son,*

3. JOHN CAMERON, said to have lived in the reign of King David I., but nothing further is known regarding him. He was succeeded by his son, or grandson,

IV. ROBERT CAMERON. In a donation to the Monastery of Cambuskenneth, before 1200, in the reign of William the Lyon, Henry, Archdean of Dunkeld; Alexander, Sheriff of Stirling; Henry de Lamberton; and this Robert Cambron, are found witnesses. He died early in the reign of Alexander II., leaving issue—

1. John, his heir and successor.

2. Robert de Cambron, whose name is mentioned with that of his brother in the Chartulary of Scoon in 1239, and is said by some to have been the progenitor of the Camerons of Strone.

3. Hugo, or Hugh, or Ewen de Cambron, mentioned in the Chartulary of Arbroath in 1219, but of whose posterity nothing is known.

Robert Cameron was succeeded by his eldest son,

V. SIR JOHN DE CAMERON, who, as John de Cambrun, is witness to a donation in favour of the religious house at Scoon in 1234, with Walter, son of Alan, Lord High Steward and Justiciar of Scotland; Walter Cumin, Earl of Menteith; Adam de Logan; John de Haya; and his own brother, Robert de Cambrun. He

*He is said to have had a second son, Angus, who had a son Martin, from whom the Macmartins of Letterfinlay sprung. This is, however, scarcely consistent with what is already stated.

is also mentioned in connection with some marches, in the Diocese of Aberdeen, in 1233; and in 1250 he is found designed "Johannes de Cambrun, Miles" &c. He had two sons—

1. Robert his heir and successor.

2. John, mentioned in Pryme's Collections in 1296. He is alleged to have been progenitor of the Camerons of Glen-Nevis. Sir John died in the reign of Alexander II., and was succeeded by his eldest son,

VI. SIR ROBERT DE CAMERON, one of those who made their submission to Edward I. of England, is twice mentioned in Pryme's collections, first as *dominus Robertus de Cambrun*, Miles, and afterwards, in 1296, *Robertus de Cambrun*, Chevalier. He was succeeded by his son,

VII. JOHN DE CAMBRUN also known as "John MacOchtery," who made a considerable figure in the reign of Robert I., at which early period this clan is said to have been numerous in Lochaber. He was one of those who signed the famous letter sent to the Pope by the Scottish Nobility in 1320, in which they plead for the King's title to the Scottish Crown, and for the independence of Scotland. He also joined David II. with a considerable body of his followers, whom he commanded in the third Division of the Scots army at the battle of Hallidon Hill, on the 15th of July 1333. He continued in the King's service until the English were expelled from the Kingdom, and the King firmly settled in the government of Scotland. It was in his time that the long continued and deadly feud between the Camerons and the Mackintoshes first began, though it was many years after his death before it was finally brought to a close.*

John was succeeded by his son.

(To be continued.)

* The only Chiefs prior to this period named in the Family MS. are the first two and the last, Angus, Gillespick, and John. The others are given in Wood's edition of Douglas's Baronage, where at this point two Johns are given in succession. The acts ascribed to the two Johns of Douglas's Baronage are ascribed to one John in the Family MS. We have followed the latter. It is, however, quite impossible to secure certainty on a genealogical question so remote in the case of any of our Highland Clans. Referring to these discrepancies, the editor of the "Memoirs" says that he "has been informed by one of the highest authorities on these subjects, that the earlier generations contained in Douglas's Baronage, when not fabulous, were not of the Lochell family, but belonged to the family of Camerons of Ballgarnoch in

THE TARTAN AVALANCHE.*

Dedicated to Sir Archibald Alison.

Charge, ye noble-hearted heroes,
 Make the tyrants backward reel ;
 On as did your dauntless fathers
 With their trusty Highland steel !
 Where the battle fray was fiercest,
 They did death and danger spurn,
 And their free and fearless spirits
 Still within your bosoms burn !

Charge ye Scottish braves in triumph !
 Burst the proud oppressor's chains !
 Like your own immortal Wallace,
 Noble blood rolls through your veins !

Charge for Scotland's stainless honour !
 Round her deathless laurels twine !
 Make her golden page of glory
 With unfading lustre shine !
 Yours the strath of purple heather,
 Yours the mountain and the glen ;
 Let the despots, by your valour,
 Know these nurse but gallant men !
 Charge ye Scottish braves in triumph, &c.

Perthshire, and that the founder of the Locheill branch was Donald Dubh MacAllan, the sixth chief according to the Memoirs. "It ought, however, to be observed," he continues, "that although the author evidently labours under the impression that the first were of the Locheill branch, yet he merely asserts that they were the principal men of the name of Cameron of whom he could find any mention in History." This is a point which, at least for the present, we must leave where we found it. John Cameron is mentioned in a document, dated 10th of March 1233, printed by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, p. 24 of his *Invernessiana*, and, at p. 44 of the same work, Robert de Chambroun de Balgignernaucht (? Baligarny) is mentioned in a document, dated the 16th of December 1292, by which the King grants him a pension of 50 merks payable by the burgesses of Inverness.

* The Highland Brigade, at the decisive battle of Tel-el-Kebir, with pipes playing and a wild ringing cheer, rushed in gallant style through the enemy's fire and carried the trenches at the point of the bayonet. They had 50 killed and 170 wounded ! Apart from the Highlanders, all the rest of the army had only 13 killed and 165 wounded. Scotland may well be proud of her sons, who still retain the bold martial spirit and dashing valour which distinguished them in bygone times.

Hearts more valiant, true, and loyal,
 Never trod a battle-field ;
 Far amid the wild war-billows
 Die they may but never yield !
 Swiftly as the dark hill-torrent
 Dashes to the vale below
 So the avalanche of tartan
 Rushes on to meet the foe !
 Charge ye Scottish braves in triumph, &c.

To the pibroch, proudly sounding,
 On they bound with hardy pride ;
 In the van the claymore flashes,
 Foemen fall on every side.
 Naught can stay old Scotland's heroes,
 Frowning forts, nor belching guns !
 On Fame's brilliant scroll, in splendour,
 Shine the brave deeds of her sons !

Charge ye Scottish braves in triumph !
 Burst the proud oppressor's chains !
 Like your own immortal Wallace,
 Noble blood rolls through your veins !

Edinburgh.

ALEXANDER LOGAN.

THE INVERARAY PROCLAMATION.—The disciples of Isaac Walton, who find it a difficult task to discover an open water, will relish the proclamation given in the Dunoon book as having been made at the Market Cross of Inveraray in the last century :—

Ta-hoy ! Te t'ither ahoy ! Ta-hoy
 Three times !!! an' Ta-hoy—Whisht !!!

By command of his Majesty, King George
 an' her Grace te Duke o' Argyll :

If any body is found fishing aboon te loch,
 or below te loch, afore te loch, or ahint te loch,
 in te loch, or on te loch, aroun' te loch, or
 about te loch,

She's to be persecutit wi' three persecutions :
 First, she's to be burnt, syne she's to be
 drownt, and then she's to be hangt—an'
 if ever she comes back she's to be persecutit
 Wi' a faur waur death.

God save the King an' her Grace
 te Duke o' Argyll !

—*Literary Notes in the Daily Mail.*

ROGART EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION AND
MR JOHN MACKAY, C.E., HEREFORD.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE, in one of his recent "Highland Sketches" in the *Scotsman*, writes:—The Educational Association of Rogart—of whose seventh anniversary, held under the presidency of her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland, a short notice appeared in your columns, and at which I had the good fortune to be present—is, I believe, a unique phenomenon in Highland parishes, to the importance of which it seems proper to direct the attention of the public. Rogart is a parish of considerable extent—about 10 miles by 6—and as such demanding, for the convenience of children of unripe ages in a raw climate, under the new regulations, four separate schools. Mr John Mackay, of Hereford, an engineer of well-known efficiency in Wales, being a native, and son of a crofter in this parish, and, like all true Highlanders, possessed by the noble passion of doing good to his fellow-countrymen, conceived the idea of uniting these schools in a general association for the purposes of common action. This scheme, under his wise direction and the co-operation of the clergy and other influential persons in the district, leaped at a stride into distinct reality, and has already become not the least potent factor in the moral machinery of the district. Its action is threefold—(1) It unites all the four schools of the parish in a general competition for prizes, after the fashion of the Ferguson scholarships, which are open to the students of all the Scottish Universities, giving the most effective spur to a generous rivalry among the competing schools, and creating, at the same time, a feeling of unity, and nursing the habit of common action, in the highest degree beneficial to the best interests of the parish; (2) It supplies a fund large enough to equip any one of the best scholars of the parish for a University career, where, after a good start, he may be able to fight his own way up into professional usefulness; (3) It maintains a library for parochial uses; and (4) Has a debating society connected with it for improvement in English composition, and the discussion of subjects of human and social interest. I feel quite confident, Mr Editor, that you will agree with me in thinking that a local movement of this kind,

however small it may bulk among the scenes that are enacted on more prominent and more pretentious platforms, is a movement, not only in itself of great social importance, but in the hope which it holds forth of being the germ of educational action on a similar principle all over the Highlands, and, it may be, over the whole of Scotland.

Mr Mackay, to whom a grateful address was delivered by the parishioners, has appealed, in this movement, to the great principle of self-help—a principle which, whenever it is called into operation, not only achieves the desired result in the promptest possible way, but achieves it by rousing into full play all those moral forces by the action of which a man becomes, in the complete sense of the word, a man. Whatever is done for us and not by us, however well done, can never make us strong in the doing of it; may only leave us dexterous tools, or well-trained puppets, in the hands of those who have done it for us. This is the fundamental principle of all true democracy; the one root out of which all individual strength and all social dignity proceeds. Some things, no doubt, must be done externally by social compulsion—that is, by the State and by public law; otherwise, as human nature is constituted, they will either not be done at all, or done in a very inadequate fashion. Nevertheless, it is well that outside of all State arrangement there should be a free field left for voluntary creation; and one such free field Mr Mackay has appropriated in the Rogart Educational Association. It is an evil inherent in all centralised systems that they tend to apply a rigid rule, in a mechanical way, to all material, however diverse, that comes within the sphere of their operation; while the local element, which, as the most characteristic, is not seldom the most valuable element in all true culture, under the panoramic view of remote redtapists, becomes unduly subordinated or altogether invisible. An example of this necessary peculiarity of centralised optics we find in the systematic omission of the native language and the native music, in the favoured subjects of the Educational Code for the Highlands; though nothing is more certain, on the one hand, that the comparative study of Gaelic and English is the best possible intellectual exercise for young Celts, just as the comparative study of Latin and English is for the young Lowlander; and, on the other hand,

that, for the cultivation of the emotions and the moral nature, the national songs and the national music are among the most potent instruments that Nature has put into the hands of the educator. To counteract this onesidedness, Mr Mackay, with the large views of a patriot, and the warm heart of a man, has instituted in Rogart a Gaelic class for young persons and adults, in connection with the Association, giving prizes, as, indeed, he does largely on all occasions, principally out of his own pocket. I have only to add that this Association, in its special action for the encouragement of the mother tongue, points out to Highlanders, with a significant index, the only way by which they can hope to have anything worthy of the name of a Highland education in Highland schools. The men who measure out educational red tape in London or Oxford do not seem to have the most remote notion that good Highland education consists in drawing out (*educo*) the best elements that God and Nature have put into the Highland breast; their method is to suppose that Highland souls are empty vessels, into which knowledge is to be poured in the quality, and according to the quantity, that the Metropolitan man, in the plenitude of his codifying and inspectorial wisdom, may weigh out; a method which will have the infallible result of annihilating the noble race called Highlanders altogether, and turning them all out as the accomplished monkeys and flunkeys and dancing bears of omnipotent John Bull. I crave, in conclusion, a place for a few complimentary lines

TO JOHN MACKAY, ESQ., OF HEREFORD, THE FOUNDER OF THE ROGART SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, SUTHERLAND.

Who love the Highlands? not with murderous guns,
 Who scour the moor, and chase the flying deer;
 Who lure the speckled troutling from the mere,
 And hook the strong-nosed salmon, where he runs
 Cleaving the adverse flood. These love their sport;
 But thou, Mackay, dost love the stout-thewed men,
 Whose sweatful toil redeemed the stony glen,
 And filled wide Europe with the proud report
 Of their high-daring deeds; and thou didst stir
 In fresh young hearts brave memory of their sires;
 And mothers hailed in thee God's minister,
 To fan the slumbering flame of patriot fires.
 Who loveth thus loves well, and, nobly wise,
 Weds earth to heaven with worth that never dies.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

At the meeting of the Association, referred to by Professor Blackie, Mr Mackay was presented with the address from the people of Rogart, his native village, "as a token at once of their high admiration of his character and career, and of their very grateful appreciation of his intelligent, liberal, and unwearied endeavours to advance the social and intellectual welfare of the inhabitants of that, his native, parish." After giving him full praises for founding the Rogart Association, the Address proceeded.—

It is creditable to you as well as encouraging and pleasing to us to find this Society already a power for good in the parish, chief among its many fruits being a literary institute, with its debating society, library, and reading-room, as also a singing class. Its excellent results are further seen in the creditable position attained in grammar schools and Universities by some of those aided by this Association. While, no doubt, it is in this parish amongst ourselves that your name and the history of your highly creditable and successful career are and will be treasured with a special pride and affection, it is well known that your fame as a true Highlander and a benefactor of your countrymen is not confined to Rogart, not even to the Highlands. Wherever Highlanders are to be found, in the distant colonies of Australia and New Zealand, among the brave, industrious Gaelic-speaking settlers of Canada, by the Celts that occupy positions of trust and influence on the sunny fields of India, and, nearer home, by the Celtic population of the large towns and cities, and of the far-off hamlets of the Outer Hebrides, the name of John Mackay, of Swansea, the designation by which you are better known, is respected and cherished with a fond regard as an accomplished Highlander—a true friend of the people and of the ancient Gaelic tongue, an intelligent student of Highland traditions, and a liberal, thoughtful, promoter of the best interests of his Highland countrymen, as tillers of the soil, and in all other spheres of life.

Mr Mackay eloquently replied in feeling and patriotic language, after which Professor Blackie delivered, as usual, a telling speech. Speaking of the Duchess of Sutherland, who was present, and listened to his eloquent and well-deserved encomiums, he said.—

I am happy to know that she is the right kind of duchess—(Cheers)—she is a duchess that loves her people. (Loud cheers.) That I know; and any one who walks up through Strathpeffer can see that. You will see there white cottages on the hill sides, tenanted by the native population—the place teeming with a thriving Highland peasantry. (Applause.) You will not there see one big house occupied by an Elliot or a Paterson, or some outlandish name of that sort. (Great laughter.) The Highland peasants are still there like the heather upon the hills, or the old Caledonian pines, remaining where they should be. (Cheers.) This is the effect of good management; and when her Grace looks upon these people we know her sentiments. "These," she says, "were my father's tenants, and so far as I can, consistent with good man-

agement, they shall be mine. (Cheers.) They shall not leave that property unless it be for their better, and mine also." (Applause.) I have been accused of being a sonneteer—(Laughter)—and a sentimentalist, but I would be a brute and a craven-hearted beast if I could walk through the Highland glens which I have seen utterly desolate—(Applause)—where we know that thirty or forty years ago there was a happy and prosperous population—the nursery of our best labourers, of our best soldiers—(Cheers)—but instead of whom we now find ten hundred thousand sheep and one big south country farmer—(Laughter and applause)—I say that with that sight before me I weep when I go there. (Applause.) But our duchess loves her people. She knows her position and her relation to them—she knows that that relationship is higher than mere rent-gathering—she is not like your miserable shopkeeper and ordinary rent-collectors. God forbid! True nobility has higher aims and higher duties than these—(Applause)—it loves, it honours, it reveres the people. (Applause.) If our aristocracy look upon the people on merely mercantile principles they will fall into contempt, and deservedly so. (Applause.) Now, I am afraid of becoming eloquent—(Laughter) but I have been called on to speak—the thought rises, and you must take it as it comes. I am sure there is nothing higher or nobler than the position of the owner of a great landed property, if that person looks upon it as an onerous position, and feels called upon to improve the land and advance the well-being of the people—(Applause)—I know nothing like it. There is no profession superior to that of elevating the position of the people—raising them in the physical, intellectual, and moral scale. (Applause.) What can be better than that? Some proprietors send some fellows down to gather as much money as possible out of the people, and after that let them emigrate or starve. Now that is a wretched policy—(Applause)—and a policy with which I know her Grace has no sympathy, for we see in her one of the highest in the land doing the noblest and best acts to her people—preserving them in the country of her fathers and their fathers, encouraging them to improve their possessions and generally promoting their interests. (Loud applause.)

The reader should know that her Grace has large properties of her own in the counties of Ross and Cromarty, and it was to these and not to Sutherland that the Professor referred. Speaking of the objects of the Association, the Professor continued.—

Love is the regular bond of society, which binds class and class, and if anybody says that cash payment is the only and leading principle, to him I say—Maranatha—(Laughter)—a curse upon you! That man is not a Christian. He is not animated with the spirit of the old landlords—the love which was the old bond in the time of the clans, which some of you with big pockets and small hearts—(Laughter)—call times of barbarism and thieving—(Laughter)—I wish to take the liberty which all speechmakers, and sometimes many preachers, take of departing from the subject—(Laughter)—in saying a single word to express my view of the aims of such an Association as this. This is one of the things which in these literary days I enjoy. It means two things. In the first place, it means self-dependence, and in the second self-help. (Applause.) That is the root of all true national greatness; and it follows that without it your men become mere puppets—or bonny, well-behaved girls. (Great laughter.) You will get that sort of thing in Austria and under the Jesuits, but in order to have a little manhood the people must be taught to do things for themselves, and to demand the sort of education which they want and which they require. The

whole of Scotland is deficient in the matter of secondary education—and why? Because the people up in London don't care a copper for you—they think that your salvation must come from London—(Great laughter)—and that your chief function is to let John Bull ride over your necks—to bring out all the Celtic soul that is in you. But my advice to you is to cultivate all your traditions, especially all your Gaelic songs and all your Gaelic legends, and learn the morals which they convey. I do not want to prop up the Gaelic by artificial means, but while it is a living tongue, use it, and benefit by it—(Applause)—and because your aged mother is sixty years, and you a strapping young dame, don't kick her into the grave—let her tell her story; for if you despise your mother, others will naturally and deservedly despise you. (Applause.)

Nae treasures or pleasures
 Could mak' us happy lang;
 The heart's aye the part aye
 That mak's us richt or wrang.

During the proceedings the Rev. Mr Mackay intimated that hitherto four girls and five boys had been assisted by the Association at Grammar and Normal Schools. The very first boy the Association took in hand—one who had lost both his parents at an early age—went to the Grammar School at Aberdeen. In his first year there he got a bursary of £18 for two years. After attending the Grammar School for two years he entered the University, where he carried off a bursary of £20 for four years. Last year this same boy obtained another bursary of the value of £10.

THE GAELIC CENSUS.

IN the month of March last year, when the census schedules were issued, bearing the puzzling instruction to enumerators and householders about "habitual" speakers of Gaelic, the worthlessness, for any practical purposes, of such a census as was there required was pointed out, and our countrymen were warned that use would be made of this incomplete and altogether fallacious enumeration to institute comparisons as to the relative strength of the English and Gaelic speaking districts of our country, a comparison which would inevitably tell to the disadvantage of the Gaelic speaking people, and which, to those who did not know, or did not choose to pay attention to the circumstances

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of the enumeration, would supply a convenient ground for further official ignoring of the Highland people and their language.

That such caution was not uncalled for is now evident from the returns by the Registrar-General of the completed census. In his report, without the slightest hint as to the notoriously incorrect and incomplete character of the Gaelic statistics, he goes on to make his calculations of the numerical strength of the Gaelic population. In the first place he calls the Gaelic return an attempt to give "an accurate account of the numbers of the population who in each locality are said to be 'Gaelic-speaking,' or to be in the habit of making colloquial use of the Gaelic language." Let our readers mark, "an *accurate* account," or, as he further on says, the percentage of Gaelic speakers "*clearly* shown." He then goes on to state that the percentage of Gaelic speakers in the various districts stands thus:—The North-Western Division, 71·08 per cent. of the population; the West, Midland, and Northern Divisions contain 18·49 and 16·99 per cent. respectively. The counties show as follows:—Sutherland, 75·31 per cent.; Ross and Cromarty, 71·40; Inverness, 70·80; and Argyle, 60·81. In the county of Lanark, including the city of Glasgow, there are 10,513 persons returned as "Gaelic speakers," this number being only 1·16 per cent. of the population of that county. It is probable that the percentages quoted above may be fairly accurate so far as they apply to Highland districts and counties, and may be accepted as furnishing an approximation to the numbers of persons colloquially speaking the Gaelic language. But the natural inference that the remaining percentages represent the proportion of English speakers we protest against, because they embrace many of the infants and young children of exclusively Gaelic-speaking people (who will in all probability grow up Gaelic speakers) as well as the "unspeakable" children of English speaking parents. Manifestly, therefore, the comparison is quite unfair.

It is simply ridiculous to speak of the return for Lanarkshire as an "accurate" account of the number of Gaelic speakers. Glasgow shows only some 8500. Why, any one who sees the Gaelic congregations of that city dismissing on a Sunday forenoon may find in Hope Street alone over 3000 Gaelic speakers issuing from two churches. We venture to say that if the number

of Gaelic speakers returned for Glasgow were multiplied by seven it would be much nearer an accurate return.

It may be remarked by some that the census only contemplated enumerating those who were *habitual* speakers of Gaelic, and that possibly the returns for Glasgow may be nearly correct. But granting that, what is the value of it? or what dependence can be put on a census that in Lewis returns the whole population of certain parishes, down to the infants at the breast, as speaking Gaelic, while in other places the enumerators carefully excluded all who were able to converse in Gaelic if they did not do so habitually, as was evidently done in Glasgow? It is a notorious fact that many of the enumerators deliberately ignored their instructions, and made no enquiries about the filling up of the Gaelic column. Even in the town of Inverness we personally know of cases where whole families—some numbering nine persons—scarcely any member of whom can express the commonest idea intelligently in English—who are in every sense Gaelic-speaking people only—were returned by the enumerators, as English-speaking, while they never utter a word of English unless they are obliged to do so to make themselves understood. This sort of thing holds equally true of other places North and South.

On the whole, we have no hesitation in pronouncing the return of so-called Gaelic speakers as very misleading, indeed almost worthless, and would caution Highlanders against any statistical uses that may be made of it.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE AND THE LAND LAWS. — Professor Blackie writes as follows to the *Scotsman*:—"Sir,—I observe a paragraph in your paper of the 3rd inst., in which my name is mentioned in connection with 'a land agitation in the Highlands,' forthwith to be inaugurated. I write this to state that I gave no authority to any person to make such a use of my name. With regard to our Land Laws generally, not only in the Highlands, but all over the country, long study and observation have convinced me that they are unjust and impolitic in an extreme degree; and it may be that, from certain local causes, they are made to act more harshly and more perniciously in the Highlands than in the low country. So soon as any fundamental changes in these laws shall be put into a practical shape by influential politicians and men of business, the leaders in such a movement may calculate on my warm sympathy and active co-operation, so far as it may be worth anything. But I am a student by profession, and not an agitator, and meddle with questions of legal and social reform only in a subsidiary and secondary way."

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AND THE HIGHLAND CROFTERS.

A VALUED correspondent, referring to a prospective Measure of Relief to the Highland Crofters, writes to us as follows:—I rejoice to think that a measure of relief of this nature is now within easy reach. The gallant charge of the Highland Brigade at Tel-el-Kebir has again placed the Empire under obligations to this contingent of the army, and as the time will soon be at hand for rewarding deserving general officers, the claims of the men could not be acknowledged by the country in a more befitting manner than by conferring freedom and security upon the stock from which they are drawn, so that the Highlands may still be preserved as a nursery for brave men and bonnie lasses.

The most effective demonstration that can be made is to get up a petition of crofters to Parliament setting forth their grievances, and praying to be made peasant proprietors with enlarged holdings where the land admits of it. A roll should be sent to every parish, and ministers of both Churches might be enlisted in favour of the step, and be useful in getting it signed. This being done, a deputation of crofters, of about 100 men, or say, a representative man from every parish, should be sent to London dressed in their usual best garb and Kilmarnock bonnets, with a piper at their head, to deliver their petition to Mr Bright or some *English* member of weight and talent for presentation. It would be a respectful, a manly, a constitutional, and altogether a unique and telling demonstration. Our difficulty is to command the attention of Englishmen. Our existence must be made known to them, and we ought to show them that we are in earnest.

The money can be easily found. I think £1000 ought to cover all the expenses. I shall be glad to contribute a ten pound note myself, although I am not wealthy, but I have wealthy friends upon whose liberality I may count.

The following table, from the *Inverness Courier*, gives point to our correspondent's suggestion:—

THE HIGHLANDERS AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.—An examination of the list of the killed and wounded at Tel-el-Kebir, as finally

made up by Sir Garnet Wolseley, brings out the melancholy fact that the Highland regiments suffered more than all the other regiments under Wolseley's command put together. The number of regiments returned as having been engaged in the action is 17. Of these five are Highland regiments. The total number of casualties of all ranks is 459. The casualties among the Highlanders alone number 245, thus leaving only 214 to be divided among the other twelve regiments. Nothing tells more eloquently of the heroic part the Highland regiments took in this battle. We tabulate their losses as follows :—

	Officers Killed.	Officers Wounded.	Other Ranks Killed.	Other Ranks Wounded.	Missing.
Black Watch.....	2	6	7	37	4
Gordon Highlanders.....	1	1	5	29	4
Cameron Highlanders	3	3	13	45	...
Highland Light Infantry...	3	5	14	52	11
Seaforth Highlanders.....	1	3	...
Total.....	6	15	40	166	19
The other twelve Regiments	3	12	8	187	3
Grand total.	9	27	48	353	22

In other words, five Highland Regiments lost six officers killed, and the other twelve regiments together lost only three officers killed. The Highland Regiments lost forty non-commissioned officers and men killed, and all the others put together lost only eight non-commissioned officers and men killed.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES DOUGLAS AND SKENE.

IN the last issue of the *Celtic Magazine* there appeared an account of the origin of the name Gordon from the pen of M. A. Rose, and I thought it would not be amiss to present you this month with a legendary version of the origin of the names Douglas and Skene. The first runs thus :—

Towards the end of the 11th century, when Scotland was the scene of much bloodshed, there lived in England a youth of about twenty-two years of age, who, although at that time a hostage at the English Court, was destined to become King of Scotland. He was a natural son of Malcolm Canmore, but his

father having been killed at Alnwick, and leaving no children old enough to succeed him except Duncan, who, as I have said, was detained as a hostage in England, the throne had been seized by a brother of the late King, named Donald Bane.

At length, Duncan obtained his freedom, and the first use he made of it was to collect an army and advance to dethrone his uncle. Donald immediately marched to meet him, and in a short time the rival armies were facing each other upon a level plain, which gave neither party any advantage over the other. Donald's army, however, far outnumbered that of his nephew, but, nothing daunted, Duncan ordered his men to advance, and with wild shouts, they threw themselves upon the ranks of the enemy. At first, the foe gave way, but immediately after he rallied, and was bearing Duncan and his brave little army back, when a horseman appeared upon the scene who very quickly changed the aspect of affairs. The new comer was of immense stature, and was mounted upon a magnificent black horse. Both horse and man were defended by massive armour of a dark grey colour, and the rider carried a large two-handed sword, a lance, and a mace, which consisted of a short, stout staff, to one end of which was attached a short chain terminated by a ball of iron studded with sharp spikes.

Shouting to the remnant of Duncan's army to follow him, he rushed upon the enemy, making fearful havoc with the dreadful mace. Thus encouraged by his brave demeanour, he was followed by most of the survivors of Duncan's army, shouting "Dubh-glas, Dubh-glas, follow the Dubh-glas;" that is, "Dark-grey, Dark-grey, follow the Dark-grey." So unexpected was this sudden attack, and so astounded were the enemy at the extraordinary prowess of the dark-grey horseman, that they broke and fled, and left Duncan victorious in possession of the field.

As soon as the battle was over, Duncan called the unknown horseman to him, and inquired his name and lineage, that he might be rewarded for his timely aid. Bowing low, the stranger replied, "Sire, my name is James Macduff, at your Majesty's service, and I am a son of Macduff, Thane of Fife. Hearing of your advance against Donald Bane, I hastened to offer you my poor aid, and by dint of hard riding, I managed to arrive at a most seasonable crisis." Duncan replied, "I am about to reward

your services by conferring upon you the honour of knighthood, but before I do so, are you willing to exchange your name of Macduff for that of Dubh-glas, which will be a lasting memorial of the occasion which gave rise to it?" The young gentleman signified his willingness to do as Duncan had suggested, and bidding him kneel, the new king touched him lightly on the shoulder with the flat of his sword, saying, "Arise, Sir James Dubh-glas, and accept our best thanks for your brave conduct."

In due course the name of Dubh-glas drifted into Douglas, and the son of the Thane of Fife became the progenitor of the most powerful family in all Scotland.

Regarding the name of Skene the legend is as follows :— During the reign of James V. a great hunting expedition was organised by the King, which was to consist of some two or three hundred noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Court. The scene of the hunt was to be Stocket Forest, in Athol, then the haunt of wolves, foxes, stags, badgers, hares, rabbits, and other game.

On a fine day in September, the royal party set out for the forest, enlivening the journey with jests and snatches of song. At length the hunting-ground was reached; several hundred beaters were employed to beat the undergrowth and bushes with long poles, and, soon, a magnificent stag royal was started. The king's deer-hounds were let loose, and in a moment the dark, gloomy forest was echoing the deep-toned bay of the hounds, and the clear "Tally-ho" and "Yoicks" of the merry huntsmen. All were in their element, except the unfortunate object of their pursuit, for now the pace at which the noble animal was going began to tell upon his form, and the lolling tongue, wild eye, and unsteady, rocking gait of the poor fellow made it clear to all that he must soon give in. At last, he was driven into a grassy dell, at the bottom of which ran a tiny rivulet of purest water. The hounds were at his heels, but stooping his graceful head, and taking one cool draught, he stood at bay. The foremost hound was received upon his deadly horns, and tossed, gashed and bleeding, high in air. The second and third met a like fate, but then, collecting their energies for a final rush, the whole pack simultaneously sprang upon him, and in a few moments, the keen blade of the huntsman finished what the hounds had begun.

Placing the body of the stag upon a pack-horse, the cavalcade proceeded, and ere long a gigantic wolf was roused from his lair. Again the hounds gave tongue, and the wolf was chased for many a mile, until furious, he turned savagely upon his howling pursuers. The dogs held back, terrified at his ferocious aspect, but at length one of them mustered up sufficient courage, and sprung at the wolf's throat. Shaking off the hound with a fierce snarl, the brute leaped upon the king's horse, which was foremost, and had it not been for the thick leather hunting-boots which his Majesty wore, and which resisted the attacks of the wolf's teeth, the King would have been seriously wounded. He dealt the animal several blows with his heavy hunting whip, but it would not loose its hold until a gentleman of the party, one of the family of Strowan, drew a short "Sgian" or dirk, which he wore, and attacked the ferocious animal in the rear. Releasing the horse, the wolf sprung upon this gentleman, when there ensued a terrible struggle. The wolf seized him by the right arm, but with the left our hero made repeated stabs at the animal's side. The combatants fell to the ground, rolling over and over, but at last the gentleman arose, fearfully torn, but victorious, and pointing to the gasping wolf, he said, presenting his bloody knife to the King, "Your Majesty, will you be pleased to give the *coup de grace*." The King took the reeking dirk and cut the animal's throat, and then, placing the weapon carefully in his bosom, he addressed his preserver, "I have to thank you for my life, brave Sir, and I beg that you will allow me to keep the Sgian as a memorial of your courage. Meanwhile, I request you to change your name of Robertson for that of Sgian or Skene as a slight reward for your act, and if ever you wish any favour from me, you have only to refer to the weapon, which I have kept, and I promise, on the word of a Stuart and a King, that it shall be granted you."

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DONALD MACLEOD'S "GLOOMY MEMORIES OF SUTHERLAND," edited by the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, with, in addition, a complete history of Evictions in the Highlands from the Battle of Culloden to the present time, is in the press, and will be published about Christmas or the New-Year by A. & W. Mackenzie, Publishers, Inverness. It will form a neatly printed volume of from 300 to 350 pp., uniform with Macgregor's "Life of Flora Macdonald," and "The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer." Price, to Subscribers, 4s.; by post, 4s. 4d. Those wishing to secure copies should send in their names without delay.

SHERIFF MACKINTOSH AND THE RECENT ROGART EVICTION TRIALS.

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THE Glasgow correspondent of the *Oban Times* of the 7th of October, referring to this trial, says:—"The crofter, Andrew Mackenzie, who was reinstated by his neighbours recently, was tried before the Sheriff at Dornoch on Saturday, and received the heavy sentence of one month's imprisonment, *without the option of a fine*. Professor Blackie recently referred to this case in the following manner:—

Rogart, however minutely its social condition has been described in that solid and instructive little work, "The Chronicles of Stratheden," had it not been for a recent revolt of certain recalcitrant crofters against certain public officers engaged in the disagreeable duty that occasionally falls to them, might have been to this day a name as unknown to most Scottish readers as the name of any parish in Iceland. In- to the merits of this unfortunate encounter between legal claims and human feelings I have no desire to enter; my belief is, that in all such cases a little good sense and good feeling on the side of the stronger party will go much farther to prevent undesirable collisions between the different classes of society than all the law and all the political economy in the libraries.

People who know the case thoroughly wonder why the case was tried before the Sheriff-Principal, and not before the Sheriff-Substitute, who was conversant with the local circumstances. In a Licensing Court no one having a connection with the "trade" is allowed to sit on the bench; but here we find Sheriff Mackintosh, himself a laird, and, in his capacity of advocate in Edinburgh, senior counsel in the case of Lord Macdonald against the crofters of Ben-Lee, sitting to judge a case which arose out of an attempt to evict Mackenzie from his croft, which he has improved to the extent of £200. In passing sentence, the Sheriff said "it was at the present time especially necessary that the authority of the law should be supported and vindicated;" and so we have his sentence—thirty days' imprisonment, and a fine denied. One can understand how difficult it is for a person to administer law which concerns himself. If procurator-fiscals should not be allowed to act as factors, neither should sheriffs be allowed to act as advocates, when their doing so involves them in a peculiar manner. It is probable that this may be brought before the notice of Parliament by the Federation of Celtic Societies."

The same authority in the *Times* of 14th of October states that Sheriff Mackintosh was the guest of the Duke of Sutherland in Dunrobin at the time of the trial. We trust this will immediately receive official contradiction; for, while we are quite satisfied that these social courtesies would not in the least affect the mind of the learned Sheriff, we are equally decided that, in present circumstances, every precaution should be taken to keep our judges above suspicion.

MY BONNIE ROWAN TREE.*

Thrice welcome, sweet green spray,
Cull'd from my Rowan Tree,
By lov'd ones far away,
In bonnie Amulree.

In boyhood's days thy root
Was planted by my hand,
Just ere I left my dear,
My Scottish fatherland!

Thou but a sapling then,
Though now a shelt'ring tree,
While warblers in thy boughs
Sing sweetest melodie.

Oh! handsome Rowan Tree!
I'm growing old and gray;
But thou art fresh and green,
Remote from all decay.

One boon for which I pray—
A home in Amulree!
Where friends of yore I'd meet
Beneath thee, Rowan Tree!

The Fraochie wimpling by,
In cadence soft and slow—
Craig Thullich tow'ring high,
The fragrant woods below.

The old Kirk on the knowe,
The graveyard mossy green;
Thy bosky birks, Lubchull!
Thy streamlet's silv'ry sheen.

With warm Breadalbane hearts,
'Mong those romantic braes,
I happily could spend
The gloaming of my days.

The mem'ries of langsyne—
Bright days of gladsome glee—
We fondly could revive
Beneath thee, Rowan Tree!

New York, U.S.A.

D. MACGREGOR CRERAR.

* A spray of rowan, culled by my brother John (to whom I inscribe the verses) from a tree which I had planted in our mother's garden, thirty years ago.

Correspondence.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME GORDON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—The traditional origin of the name of Gordon, mentioned by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., F.S.A., Scot., in his *Antiquarian Notes*, and referred to by M. A. Rose in last *Celtic Magazine*, is one of those punning etymologies that are so common, like Tranent from "Try forrent," Rutherford from "Rue their ford," Selkirk from "Sell the Kirk," Melrose from "a Mallet and a Rose," &c., &c. Gordon, in Berwickshire, from which the family derives, has evidently got its name from its situation—Goirtin, in Gaelic, "a little field of corn;" standing, as the village does, on what may be called a fertile oasis, in the midst of barren moors and dismal peat mosses. Burke, in his "Peerage and Baronage," says of the Gordons:—"Although there are numerous histories of this illustrious family extant, yet the historians do not coincide as to its origin and first settlement in Great Britain. Some bring the Gordons from Greece to Gaul, and thence into Scotland, at least a thousand years ago; while others convey them from Spain, Flanders, &c. The more probable conjecture, however, is that some of the Gordons came into England with William, Duke of Normandy, and into Scotland with King Malcolm Canmore." He goes on to mention the boar tradition, which may be quite true, but, nevertheless, certainly did not give rise to the family name, though it may have given occasion to its bearers assuming three boars' heads for their armorial bearing. In the different lists of the conquerors of England, published by Bromton, Leland, and Duchesne, and quoted by Thierry, we find the names of Gurdon, Gerdoun, Verdon, Verdoun, and Werdoun; but there is nothing except the resemblance in sound to connect them with the Gordons of that ilk, the ancestors of the Dukes of Gordon, Earls and Marquises of Huntly, Earls of Aboyne, Earls of Aberdeen, &c. These Gordons are, indeed, by paternal descent, a branch of the Setons, who, again, took their name from a place in Haddingtonshire, so called "by reason that the town thereof is situate hard upon the sea." Their ancestor on the mother's side, an Anglo-Norman, whose proper name is unknown, had the territory of Gordon granted to him, in the reign either of Malcolm Canmore or of David I., and assumed from it the surname of Gordon. One of his descendants, probably a grandson, named Bertrand de Gurdon, wounded to death King Richard I. of England, while that lion-hearted monarch was engaged in reducing the Castle of Chaluz, in Aquitaine, in the year 1199; and though he was given his liberty by the generous dying King, with a hundred shillings to take him home to Scotland, he was detained, flayed alive, and then hanged, by order of Marchadee, the leader of the Brabantine mercenaries serving in Richard's army. Richard de Gordon gave lands to the Abbey of Kelso in the year 1267. Thomas, his son, was also a benefactor to that religious house; and his grandson, likewise Thomas, "taking upon him the sign of the Cross, according to the devotion of those times," left his inheritance to his daughter Alicia, who married her kinsman Adam Gordon, to whom she bore a son and heir, Sir Adam Gordon, Knight, who, "being a zealous assertor of the independency and freedom of his native country, stood in such high favour with King Robert Bruce, that the said

King, in consideration of his good services, gave him the Lordship of Strathbolgy, in Aberdeenshire," to which he changed his residence, in order to overawe and quell the Cumyns. He was killed at the battle of Haledon Hill in 1333. His son and heir, Sir Alexander, lost his life at the battle of Durham in 1346, as his great-grandson, Sir John, did at the battle of Homildon in 1401. This Sir John left issue by Elizabeth his wife, daughter to the Lord Keith, an only daughter of her name, who was her heir; and she, in the year 1408, marrying Sir Alexander Seton, second son to Sir William Seton of that Ilk, Robert, Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, granted this gentleman a charter, dated 20th July, in the same year, of "the lands of the baronies of Gordoun and Huntly, Fogow, Fawnys, and Mellerstaines, in Berwickshire, Strathbolgy and Beldygordoun in Aberdeenshire;" and he was thenceforth styled Alexander de Seton, Dominus de Gordon. His son, Sir Alexander, resumed the surname of Gordon, and placed the arms of that name in the first quarter of his heraldic shield, where they have ever since been borne. It would be a waste of room to pursue the story further; but I may conclude with the following quotation from Chambers's "Gazetteer of Scotland":—"It is understood that when this great historical family removed to the North, where for three or four centuries they have possessed more territorial influence than any other, they carried along with them, and conferred the designation of Huntly upon a place in their new domains, from which they afterwards took the title of lord, earl, and marquis in succession; and on being raised to a dukedom in the year 1684, the parish of Gordon was resorted to for a new title [extinct in 1836], though for centuries they had had no seigniorial connection with it."

Bishopwearmouth, Sunderland.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

THE IRISH "COMHLUCHD CLAN NA'N GAOIDHIL."—This Society was established in Belfast on the 17th March of the present year to promote the revival of the ancient language of the country, and to encourage the study of Irish history, music, and antiquities. It owes its origin to the patriotic zeal of a number of gentlemen desirous of emulating their countrymen in Dublin and elsewhere, who were making laudable efforts towards the resuscitation of the Gaelic tongue, which was fast dying out in several districts of the country, where until of late days it was universally spoken. The Society already numbers some 150 members, men of every shade of religious and political opinions, working harmoniously together for the common objects of the Association. Classes have been formed, at which a knowledge of Gaelic is imparted by efficient teachers through the medium of the Primers issued by the Society for the preservation of the Irish Language, together with Dr Joyce's Irish grammar. The meetings take place during the season on each Monday and Thursday evening, from 8 to 9.30, a portion of the time is devoted to the rehearsal of Irish songs, principally Dr M'Hales' translation of Moore's melodies. There is a Library in connection with the Society, containing some 200 volumes, chiefly of Celtic Literature, a large number of which have been liberally presented by members and friends, and will be increased as funds permit. Monthly meetings are convened for the purpose of hearing lectures delivered and papers read on popular Gaelic subjects. So far the Society has proved a success, and we trust it will continue to do so. If Irish Celts were only to use the Roman character in their works, their brother Scottish Celts would take a greater interest in their proceedings, and the task of learning to read their native tongue would be much simplified to Irishmen themselves.

A RUN THROUGH CANADA AND THE STATES.

BY KENNETH MACDONALD, F.S.A., Scot.

I.

THE new Canadian province of Manitoba has been so extensively advertised, and so frequently written about of late years, that it has aroused the interest of thousands of the people of what our brethren across the sea call the "old country." The stories told of the depth and fertility of its soil, of the salubrity of its climate, of its extensive lake system, and its rivers navigable for thousands of miles, might lead one to suppose that here an earthly Paradise had been discovered, and that to be truly and completely happy and prosperous one had only to sever the ties which bound him to his home in the Old World and make for himself a home in this particular part of the New. And, unquestionably, strong inducements are offered to our farmers and farm servants, and, indeed, to every one of our people who are willing and able to work, to go to the new province. To the average Scotsman, with his land-hunger, which he cannot in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred gratify at home, the offer of a FREE grant of 160 acres of good arable land, with the option of purchasing 160 acres more on almost nominal terms, is a strong temptation, and thousands of our countrymen, the most energetic and industrious of their race, have already availed themselves of the offer, and are now settled in the North-West. Many more are contemplating the same step, and many who do not contemplate it, may, by the force of circumstances, and under the pressure of our present insane and suicidal system of land laws, be compelled to take it on an early day.

I have never advocated emigration, and so long as there is even a distant prospect of our Legislature so amending our present laws affecting land as to afford protection to the cultivator of the soil for his labour and capital, I shall not advocate it. But meantime emigration is a *fact*. Thousands of our people are leaving our shores every year seeking a home elsewhere ; and while

emigration need not be advocated, it must be recognised. Then it is unquestionable, that unless a speedy change takes place in our laws, or in the manner of administering them, there will almost of necessity be a pretty extensive depletion by emigration of the already sparse population of the Highlands within a few years.

These considerations, and the fact that Canada is becoming a greater favourite with emigrants than it has hitherto been, led me to resolve upon spending my short vacation this year (1882) in making a visit to the Dominion.

The steamer "Manitoban," of the Allan Line, left the Clyde early on the morning of Saturday, 19th August 1882, and, after an uneventful voyage, landed her passengers at Point Levis, opposite Quebec, on the morning of Wednesday, 30th August. I had intended spending a day in the ancient city of Quebec, but my experiences during a short walk through it, decided me to move on. Quebec, if not a dead city, is a decaying one, and the process of decay is all the more melancholy in view of the bustling life and rapid growth of almost every other city in Canada. The town lies on the north bank of the River St Lawrence, and towering above it is the fortress which so long defied the brave Wolfe in 1759, but which capitulated to the British forces almost immediately after the victory, which, at the cost of his own life, the gallant young General achieved on the Heights of Abraham over his French adversaries. Quebec is the natural outlet for the products of Canada coming down the St Lawrence, and the natural centre of distribution of the imports by that river; but, from whatever cause, Quebec has lost the position among cities which nature gave her, and has allowed Montreal, a city which had not her natural advantages, to take the first place.

When I arrived in Quebec, the Royal Ensign was floating over the Citadel, and, on enquiring the reason, I was told that the Princess Louise was there. In a day or two she was to start with her husband, the Governor, on a six months' tour to British Columbia, by way of Toronto, Niagara, Chicago, and San Francisco. The outward portion of this journey they have since accomplished, and as I now write they are being fêted in the Pacific Province.

On the south bank of the St Lawrence, opposite Quebec,

stands the town of Point Levis, or Levi, which forms the terminus at this point of the Grand Trunk Railway. Point Levis is now a town of considerable size, but it appears from Mr Macpherson Le Moine's "Chronicles of the St Lawrence" that up to 1850 the eastern portion of the point used every summer to be thickly studded with the bark wigwams of the Micmac Indians or the North Shore Montagnais—the presumed descendants of the warriors who, in 1775 or 1812 (without the privilege of scalping), had helped Old England to keep out the irrepressible Yankees. The precincts of the city of Quebec being closed to these lawless and rum-loving worthies, they each summer paddled their canoes to the historic point of Levi, erected bark huts, awaiting patiently until the English Commissariat handed them their annual presents for services rendered in time of need ; blankets, clothing, beads, trinkets for the Indian princesses ; red cloth, feathers, axes, ammunition for the Indian princes. *

From Point Levis to Montreal the distance by the Grand Trunk Railway is 172 miles, and a great part of the line runs through dreary swamps. It is most unfortunate for Canada that for many years her settlers should, immediately after landing, have been dragged through this God-forgotten looking part of the country, and invited practically to form their opinion of Canada from this sample. Why, the effect on a mere visitor is so depressing as sometimes to make him wish himself well out of such a country. What then must its effect have been on many a poor homeless emigrant, whose courage had been gradually ebbing during a long sea-voyage, which was taking him day by day further from home, and all the associations of childhood and youth upon which memory loves to dwell? Must not such an unpromising aspect of the country in which he proposed to rear up a new home have, in many cases, crushed out his little remaining courage and hopefulness, and so increased a thousand-fold the difficulties in the way of his ultimate prosperity? To make the matter worse, the route is not even a short one, the line making a long *detour* southwards to Richmond, and thence back northwards to Montreal.

Shortly before entering Montreal the Grand Trunk Railway

* "Chronicles of the St Lawrence," by J. M. Le Moine, p. 190.

passes over the Victoria Bridge, one of the great bridges of the world. The bridge is nearly two miles in length, and was completed in the year 1859 from the designs of British engineers—Robert Stephenson and A. M. Ross. The mere bridging of a river nearly two miles in width was not by any means the most serious difficulty to be overcome by the engineers. At the point where the bridge is built the current runs at the rate of seven miles an hour, and when it is remembered that not only all the water which passes over Niagara Falls, but also all the additional water falling into Lake Ontario from other sources, finds its way out by the St Lawrence to the Atlantic, it will be seen how immense is the pressure which the river must exert over a bridge built across it. When to this, however, is added the fact that in each year the river is loaded with immense quantities of ice, which are hurled and piled against the piers of the bridge, it will be seen that the engineers had a task of no ordinary nature in devising a bridge calculated to withstand the pressure of the water and ice of the St Lawrence, and to carry across that river the railway traffic to and from the large and rapidly growing city of Montreal, the commercial capital of the Dominion of Canada. How successfully the engineers accomplished their task, and solved all the difficulties of the problem submitted to them, is at once seen when the bridge is examined. It consists of twenty-five tubes, supported by twenty-four piers and two terminal abutments; or rather there is a centre tube, and on each side six pairs of double tubes. The centre tube is detached at both ends, and the double tubes are bolted together and to the piers at their inner junction, and free at their outer ends, which rest upon rollers. Openings are left between each set of double tubes, and in this way ample provision is made for the expansion and contraction caused by the extremes of the Canadian climate. The tubes are of wrought boiler-plate iron, built up with the most careful calculation of the varying thicknesses of plate, and stiffened with angles of iron. They are of the uniform breadth of 16 feet, and are arranged for a single track within. Their height varies from 18 ft. 6 in. at the terminal tubes to 22 ft. for the centre tube. The centre tube is 60 ft. above the summer level of the river. Besides the openings placed for expansion, windows are placed in the tubes to afford light. The centre span is 330 feet, all the others

are 242 feet. The dimension of the piers, which are built of limestone, are at their foundations 92 feet by $22\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and at the summit 33 feet in the line of the river, and 16 feet in the line of the bridge. They descend to a point 30 feet above summer level, very gradually increasing in size. At this point the masonry is extended horizontally 10 feet on the up-stream side, from whence it descends at an angle of 45 degrees to a point 6 feet below summer level, and thence perpendicularly to the bed of the river. The main increase in the size of the piers is thus upon the up-stream side, although the other sides also slightly increase in size as they descend. The pressure of the ice upon the piers of the bridge in spring and fall is enormous, but the horizontal gain of 10 feet in the up-stream dimensions of the piers prevents the ice from reaching the shaft, and the sharp edges to which the piers are brought upon that side form saddles upon which the ice cannot rest, but must break asunder or glide aside. From this description of the bridge, which is an abridgement of one prepared for the use of the members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science which met at Montreal a few days before I visited the city, it will be seen how admirably adapted this wonderful triumph of engineering skill is to fulfil all the conditions necessary to its continued existence. It has to carry a heavy traffic, it is therefore built of wrought-iron stiffened and strengthened, and resting on piers of solid masonry of enormous strength; it is subjected to intense heat in summer and intense cold in winter, causing expansion and contraction of the iron—provision is therefore made by having the ends of the tubes detached and resting upon rollers for the necessary movement without shaking the structure; and lastly, the pressure of water and ice is minimised by having the upper sides of the piers made in cut-water form, so that they offer the smallest possible resistance to the water, and afford no rest for the masses of ice which the river projects against them during a considerable portion of every year.

Night was rapidly settling down upon us as our train entered between the parapets of Egyptian-looking masonry which form the entrance to the long tunnel formed by the bridge. I went upon the platform in front of the car in which I had been travelling, to get if possible an idea of the appearance of the inside of the tunnel, but I soon found I could see very little, and the

smoke, soot, and live embers, which came flying round my face, soon induced me to retreat to the inside of the car and my seat. As the train went slowly on its way through the darkness, and minute after minute passed, and the horrid din continued, a weird feeling crept over even experienced travellers, who were making this journey for the first time. I was not therefore much surprised to find, after a few minutes, a lady, who had crossed the Atlantic without any exhibition of nervousness, hide her face, first, in her hands, and then in the nearest soft place she could find, which happened to be her husband's head or somewhere in that neighbourhood. Her husband, a highly orthodox Presbyterian minister returning to Canada with a second wife, bore this exhibition of weakness with exemplary patience, and when, after about ten minutes of darkness and the horrid clamour of rattling iron, we emerged into the open air and comparative peace, he proceeded to soothe his wife and calm her fears with such effect that by the time we reached Montreal she had quite got over her fright.

Arrived at Montreal, I had to part with all the friends made on the voyage across, and notwithstanding the invitations to pay a visit, and the half-made promises to do so, none of us met again. I especially regretted this in the case of my good friend Mr Robert Scott, of Mount Forest, Ontario, whom I was sincerely desirous to see again. We occupied the same cabin crossing the Atlantic, sat together at table, mingled our meals and our lamentations during the dreadful period of sea-sickness, and, when we had sufficiently recovered to eat sardines, we emptied my brandy-flask together in moderate potations to keep these fish at rest. The more I knew of Mr Scott the better I liked him, and, although I was not able to avail myself of his invitation to pay him a visit, I trust that was not the last opportunity I shall have of seeing him.

By the time I had taken a bath and a supper it was too late to see much of Montreal, but I saw a little, and on the following day, and during three subsequent visits I paid to the city, I saw enough of it to enable me to say what it looks like, and to express, with the amount of reservation with which a stranger ought always to give an opinion on such a subject, an opinion on the position and prospects of the city.

K. M'D.

(To be continued.)

THE SUTHERLAND EVICTIONS.

RECENTLY much interest has been shown in the history of the "Sutherland Clearances," largely in consequence of the pamphlet issued on the subject by the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, Professor Blackie's "Altavona," and Alfred Russell Wallace's "Land Nationalisation." Many of our readers have expressed a wish to know what has appeared in this now notorious pamphlet, which, with the quotations from it, has so much roused the ire and energy of the present race of Sellars as to induce them to interfere with the sale of the books above named. In response to this wish, we give the following from the pamphlet, this portion of it being abridged from Donald Macleod's "Gloomy Memories," now in the press as part of a complete History of the Highland Clearances to be published on an early day:—

The history of the Sutherland clearances would take a bulky volume. Indeed, a large tome of 354 pages has been written in their defence by him who was mainly responsible for them, entitled "An account of the Sutherland Improvements," by James Loch, at that time Commissioner for the Marchioness of Stafford and heiress of Sutherland. It was the first account I ever read of these so-called improvements; and it was quite enough to convince me, and it will be sufficient to convince any one who knows anything of the country, that the improvement of the people, by driving them, in the most merciless and cruel manner, from the homes of their fathers, was carried out in a huge scale and in the most inconsiderate and heartless manner by those in charge of the Sutherland estates. But when one reads the other side, Macleod's "Gloomy Memories"—now very scarce—General Stewart of Garth's "Sketches" of the Highlanders, and other contemporary publications, one wonders that such iniquities could ever have been permitted in any Christian country, much less in Great Britain, which has done so much for the amelioration of subject races and the oppressed in every part of the world, while her own brave sons have been persecuted, oppressed, and banished without compensation by greedy and cold-blooded proprietors, who owed their position and their lands to the ancestors of the very men they were now treating so cruelly.

The motives of the landlords, generally led by southern factors worse than themselves, were, in most cases, pure self-interest, and they pursued their policy of extermination with a recklessness and remorselessness unparelled in any country where the Gospel of peace and charity was preached—except, perhaps, unhappy Ireland. Generally, law and justice, religion and humanity, were either totally disregarded, or what was worse—in many cases converted into and applied as instruments of oppression. Every conceivable means, short of the musket and the sword, were used to drive the natives from the land they loved, and to force them to exchange their crofts and homes

—brought originally into cultivation and built by themselves, or by their forefathers—for wretched patches among the barren rocks on the sea shore, and to depend, after losing their cattle and their sheep, and after having their houses burnt about their ears or razed to the ground, on the uncertain produce of the sea for subsistence, and that in the case of a people who, in many instances, and especially in Sutherlandshire, were totally unacquainted with a seafaring life, and quite unfitted to contend with its perils. What was true generally of the Highlands, was in the county of Sutherland carried to the greatest extreme. That unfortunate county, according to an eye-witness, was made another Moscow. The inhabitants were literally burnt out, and every contrivance and ingenious and unrelenting cruelty was eagerly adopted for extirpating the race. Many lives were sacrificed by famine and other hardships and privations; hundreds, stripped of their all, emigrated to the Canadas and other parts of America; great numbers, especially of the young and athletic, sought employment in the Lowlands and in England, where, few of them being skilled workmen, they were obliged—even farmers who had lived in comparative affluence in their own country—to compete with common labourers, in communities where their language and simple manners rendered them objects of derision and ridicule. The aged and infirm, the widows and orphans, with those of their families who could not think of leaving them alone in their helplessness, and a number, whose attachment to the soil which contained the ashes of their ancestors, were induced to accept of the wretched allotments offered them on the wild moors and barren rocks. The mild nature and religious training of the Highlanders prevented a resort to that determined resistance and revenge which has repeatedly set bounds to the rapacity of landlords in Ireland. Their ignorance of the English language, and the want of natural leaders, made it impossible for them to make their grievances known to the outside world. They were, therefore, maltreated with impunity. The ministers generally sided with the oppressing lairds, who had the Church patronage at their disposal for themselves and for their sons. The professed ministers of religion sanctioned the iniquity, “the foulest deeds were glossed over, and all the evil which could not be attributed to the natives themselves, such as severe seasons, famines, and consequent disease, was by these pious gentlemen ascribed to Providence, as a punishment for sin.”

The system of turning out the ancient inhabitants from their native soil throughout the Highlands during the first half of the present century has been carried into effect in the county of Sutherland with greater severity and revolting cruelty, than in any other part of the Highlands, and that though the Countess-Marchioness and her husband, the Marquis of Stafford, were by no means devoid of humanity, however atrocious, and devoid of human feeling were the acts carried out in their name by heartless underlings, who represented the ancient tenantry to their superiors as lazy and rebellious, though, they maintained, everything was being done for their advantage and improvement. How this was done will be seen in the sequel. South countrymen were introduced and the land given to them for sheep farms over the heads of the native tenantry. These strangers were made justices of the peace and armed with all sorts of authority in the county, and thus enabled to act in the most harsh and tyrannical fashion, none making them afraid; while the oppressed natives were placed completely at their mercy. They dare not even complain, for were not their oppressors also the administrators of the law? The seventeen parish ministers, with the single exception of the Rev. Mr Sage, took the side of the powers that were, exhorting the people to submit and to stifle their cries of distress, telling them that all their sufferings came from the hand of their Heavenly Father as a punishment for their past

transgressions. Most of these ministers have since rendered their account, and let us hope they have been forgiven for such cruel and blasphemous conduct. But one cannot help noting, to what horrid uses these men in Sutherlandshire and elsewhere prostituted their sacred office and high calling.

The Sutherland clearances were commenced in a comparatively mild way in 1807, by the ejection of ninety families from Farr and Lairg. These were provided for some fifteen or seventeen miles distant with smaller lots, to which they were permitted to remove their cattle and plenishing, leaving their crops unprotected, however, in the ground from which they were evicted. They had to pull down their old houses, remove the timber, and build new ones, during which period they had in many cases to sleep under the canopy of heaven. In the autumn they carried away, with great difficulty, what remained of their crops, but the fatigue incurred cost not a few of them their lives, while others contracted diseases which stuck to them during the remainder of their lives, and shortened their days.

In 1809 several hundred were evicted from the parishes of Dornoch, Rogart, Loth, Clyne, and Golspie, under circumstances of much greater severity than those already described. Several were driven by various means to leave the country altogether, and to those who could not be induced to do so, patches of moor and bog were offered on Dornoch Moor and Brora Links—quite unfit for cultivation. This process was carried on annually until, in 1811, the land from which the people were ejected was divided into large farms, and advertised as huge sheep runs. The country was overrun with strangers, who came to look at these extensive tracts. Some of these gentlemen got up a cry that they were afraid of their lives among the evicted tenantry. A trumped-up story was manufactured that one of the interlopers was pursued by some of the natives of Kildonan, and put in bodily fear. The military were sent for from Fort-George. The 21st Regiment was marched to Dunrobin Castle, with artillery and cartloads of ammunition. A great farce was performed; the people were sent for by the factors to the Castle at a certain hour. They came peaceably, but the farce must be gone through; the Riot Act was read; a few sheepish, innocent Highlanders were made prisoners, but nothing could be laid to their charge, and they were almost immediately set at liberty, while the soldiers were ordered back to Fort-George. The demonstration, however, had the desired effect in cowering and frightening the people into the most absolute submission. They became dismayed and broken-hearted, and quietly submitted to their fate. The clergy all this time were assiduous in preaching that all the misfortunes of the people were "fore-ordained of God, and denouncing the vengeance of Heaven and eternal damnation on all those who would presume to make the slightest resistance." At the May term of 1812 large districts of these parishes were cleared in the most peaceable manner, the poor creatures foolishly believing the false teaching of their selfish and dishonest spiritual guides—save the mark? The Earl of Selkirk, who went personally to the district, allured many of the evicted people to emigrate to his estates on the Red River in British North America, whither a whole ship cargo of them went. After a long and otherwise disastrous passage, they found themselves deceived and deserted by the Earl, left to their unhappy fate in an inclement wilderness, without any protection from the hordes of Red Indian savages, by whom the district was infested, and who plundered them of their all on their arrival, and finally massacred them, save a small remnant who managed to escape, and travelled, through immense difficulties, across trackless forests to Upper Canada.

The notorious Mr Sellar was at this time sub-factor, and in the spring of 1814 he took a large portion of the parishes of Farr and Kildonan into his own hands. In the

month of March the old tenantry received notices to quit at the ensuing May term, and a few days after the summonses were served the greater portion of the heath pasture was, by his orders, set on fire. By this cruel proceeding the cattle belonging to the old tenantry were left without food during the spring, and it was impossible to dispose of them at a fair price, the price having fallen after the war; for Napoleon was now a prisoner in Elba, and the demand for cattle became temporarily dull, and prices were very much reduced. To make matters worse, fodder was unusually scarce this spring, and the poor people's cattle depended for subsistence solely on the spring grass which sprouts out among the heather, but which this year had been burnt by the factor, who would himself reap the benefit when he came into possession later on.

In May the work of ejectment was again commenced, accompanied by cruelties hitherto unknown even in the Highlands. Atrocities were perpetrated which I cannot trust myself to describe in my own words. I shall give what is much more valuable—a description by an eye-witness in his own language. He says:—In former removals the tenants had been allowed to carry away the timber of their old dwellings to erect houses on their new allotments, but now a more summary mode was adopted—by setting fire to them. The able-bodied men were by this time away after their cattle, or otherwise engaged at a distance, so that the immediate sufferers by the general house-burning that now commenced were the aged and infirm, the women and children. As the lands were now in the hands of the factor himself, and were to be occupied as sheep farms, and as the people made no resistance, they expected, at least, some indulgence in the way of permission to occupy their houses and other buildings till they could gradually remove, and meanwhile look after their growing crops. Their consternation was therefore greater, when immediately after the May term-day, a commencement was made to pull down and set fire to the houses over their heads. The old people, women and others, then began to preserve the timber which was their own; but the devastators proceeded with the greatest celerity, demolishing all before them, and when they had overthrown all the houses in a large tract of country they set fire to the wreck. Timber, furniture, and every other article that could not be instantly removed was consumed by fire or otherwise utterly destroyed. The proceedings were carried on with the greatest rapidity and the most reckless cruelty. The cries of the victims, the confusion, the despair and horror painted on the countenances of the one party, and the exulting ferocity of the other, beggar all description. In these scenes Mr Sellar was present, and apparently, as sworn by several witnesses at his subsequent trial, ordering and directing the whole. Many deaths ensued from alarm, from fatigue, and cold, the people having been instantly deprived of shelter, and left to the mercies of the elements. Some old men took to the woods and to the rocks, wandering about in a state approaching to, or of absolute insanity; and several of them in this situation lived only a few days. Pregnant women were taken in premature labour, and several children did not long survive their sufferings. “To these scenes,” says Donald Macleod, “I was an eye-witness, and am ready to substantiate the truth of my statements, not only by my own testimony, but by that of many others who were present at the time. In such a scene of general devastation, it is almost useless to particularise the cases of individuals; the suffering was great and universal. I shall, however, notice a very few of the extreme cases of which I was myself an eye-witness. John Mackay's wife, Ravigill, in attempting to pull down her house, in the absence of her husband, to preserve the timber, fell through the roof. She was in consequence taken in premature labour, and in that state was exposed to the open air and to the view of all the bystanders. Donald Munro, Garvott, lying in a fever, was

turned out of his house and exposed to the elements. Donald Macbeath, an infirm and bed-ridden old man, had the house unroofed over him, and was in that state exposed to the wind and rain until death put a period to his sufferings. I was present at the pulling down and burning of the house of William Chisholm, Badinloskin, in which was lying his wife's mother, an old bed-ridden woman of nearly 100 years of age, none of the family being present. I informed the persons about to set fire to the house of this circumstance, and prevailed on them to wait until Mr Sellar came. On his arrival, I told him of the poor old woman being in a condition unfit for removal, when he replied, 'Damn her, the old witch, she has lived too long—let her burn.' Fire was immediately set to the house, and the blankets in which she was carried out were in flames before she could be got out. She was placed in a little shed, and it was with great difficulty they were prevented from firing it also. The old woman's daughter arrived while the house was on fire, and assisted the neighbours in removing her mother out of the flames and smoke, presenting a picture of horror which I shall never forget, but cannot attempt to describe." Within five days she was a corpse.

In 1816 Sellar was charged at Inverness, before the Court of Justiciary, with culpable homicide and fire-raising in connection with these proceedings, and, considering all the circumstances, it is not at all surprising that he was "honourably" acquitted of the grave charges made against him. Almost immediately after, however, he ceased to be factor on the Sutherland estates, and Mr Loch came into power. Evictions were carried out from 1814 down to 1819 and 1820, pretty much of the same character as those already described; but the removal of Mr Young, the chief factor, and Mr Sellar from power was hailed with delight by the whole remaining population. Their very names had become a terror. Their appearance in any part of the county caused such alarm as to make women fall into fits. One woman became so terrified that she became insane, and whenever she saw any one she did not recognise, she invariably cried out in a state of absolute terror—"Oh! sin Sellar"—"Oh! there's Sellar." The people, however, soon discovered that the new factors were not much better. Several leases which were current would not expire until 1819 and 1820, so that the evictions were necessarily only partial from 1814 down to that period. The people were reduced to such a state of poverty that even Mr Loch himself, in his "Sutherland Improvements, page 76," admits that—"Their wretchedness was so great that, after pawning everything they possessed to the fishermen on the coast, such as had no cattle were reduced to come down from the hills in hundreds for the purpose of gathering cockles on the shore. Those who lived in the more remote situations of the county were obliged to subsist upon broth made of nettles, thickened with a little oatmeal. Those who had cattle had recourse to the still more wretched expedient of bleeding them, and mixing the blood with oatmeal, which they afterwards cut into slices and fried. Those who had a little money came down and slept all night upon the beach, in order to watch the boats returning from the fishing, that they might be in time to obtain a part of what had been caught." He, however, omitted to mention the share he and his predecessors had taken in reducing the people to such misery, and the fact that at this very time he had constables stationed at the Little Ferry to prevent the starved tenantry from collecting shellfish in the only place where they could find them.

He prevailed upon the people to sign documents, consenting to remove at the next Whitsunday term, promising at the same time to make good provision for them elsewhere. In about a month after the work of demolition and devastation again commenced, and parts of the parishes of Golspie, Rogart, Farr, and the whole of Kildonan were in a blaze. Strong parties with faggots and other combustible material were set

to work; three hundred houses were given ruthlessly to the flames, and their occupants pushed out in the open air without food or shelter. Macleod, who was present, describes the horrible scene as follows:—

“The consternation and confusion were extreme; little or no time was given for the removal of persons or property; the people striving to remove the sick and the helpless before the fire should reach them; next, struggling to save the most valuable of their effects. The cries of the women and children, the roaring of the affrighted cattle, hunted at the same time by the yelling dogs of the shepherds amid the smoke and fire, altogether presented a scene that completely baffles description—it required to be seen to be believed. A dense cloud of smoke enveloped the whole country by day, and even extended far out to sea; at night an awfully grand but terrific scene presented itself—all the houses in an extensive district in flames at once. I myself ascended a height about eleven o'clock in the evening, and counted two hundred and fifty blazing houses, many of the owners of which were my relations, and all of whom I personally knew, but whose present condition—whether in or out of the flames—I could not tell. The conflagration lasted six days, till the whole of the dwellings were reduced to ashes or smoking ruins. During one of these days a boat actually lost her way in the dense smoke as she approached the shore, but at night was enabled to reach a landing-place by the lurid light of the flames.”

The whole of the inhabitants of Kildonan, numbering nearly 2000 souls, except three families, were utterly rooted and burnt out, and the whole parish converted into a solitary wilderness. The suffering was intense. Some lost their reason. Over a hundred souls took passage to Caithness in a small sloop, the master humanely agreeing to take them in the hold, from which he had just unloaded a cargo of quick lime. A head storm came on, and they were nine days at sea in the most miserable condition—men, women, and helpless children huddled up together, with barely any provisions. Several died in consequence, and others became invalids for the rest of their days. One man, Donald Mackay, whose family was suffering from a severe fever, carried two of his children a distance of twenty-five miles to this vessel. Another old man took shelter in a meal mill, where he was kept from starvation by licking the meal refuse scattered among the dust on the floor, and protected from the rats and other vermin by his faithful collie. George Munro, the miller at Farr, who had six of his family down with fever, had to remove them in that state to a damp kiln, while his home was given to the flames. And all this was done in the name of proprietors who certainly were not themselves tyrants in the ordinary sense of the term.

General Stewart of Garth, about a year after the cruelties perpetrated in Sutherland, writes with regret of the unnatural proceedings as “the delusions practised (by his subordinates) on a generous and public-spirited proprietor, which have been so perseveringly applied, that it would appear as if all feeling of former kindness towards the native tenantry had ceased to exist. To them any uncultivated spot of moorland, however small, was considered sufficient for the support of a family; while the most lavish encouragement has been given to all the new tenants, on whom, with the erection of buildings, the improvement of lands, roads, bridges, &c., upwards of £210,000 had been expended since 1808 (in fourteen years). With this proof of unprecedented liberality, it cannot be sufficiently lamented that an estimate of the character of these poor people was taken from the misrepresentation of interested persons, instead of judging from the conduct of the same men when brought into the world, where they obtained a name and character which have secured the esteem and approbation of men high in honour and rank, and, from their talents and experience, perfectly capable of judging with correctness. With such proofs of capability, and with such materials for carrying on the improvements and maintaining the permanent prosperity of the county, when occupied by a hardy, abstemious race, easily led on to a full exertion of their

faculties by a proper management, there cannot be a question, but that if, instead of placing them, as has been done, in situations bearing too near a resemblance to the potato-gardens of Ireland, they had been permitted to remain as cultivators of the soil, receiving a moderate share of the vast sums lavished on their richer successors, such a humane and considerate regard to the prosperity of a whole people would undoubtedly have answered every good purpose." He then goes on to show that when the valleys and higher grounds were let to the sheep-farmers, the whole native population was driven to the sea shore, where they were crowded on small lots of land to earn subsistence by labour and sea-fishing, the latter so little congenial to their former habits and experience. "And these *one or two acre lots* are represented as *improvements*!" He then asks how in a country, without regular employment or manufactories, a family is to be supported on one or two acres? The thing was impossible, and the consequence is that "over the whole of this district, where the sea-shore is accessible, the coast is thickly studded with thatched cottages, crowded with starving inhabitants," while strangers, with capital, usurp the land and dispossess the swain. Ancient respectable tenants, who passed the greater part of their lives in the enjoyment of abundance, and in the exercise of hospitality and charity, possessing stocks of ten, twenty, and thirty breeding cows, with the usual proportion of other stock, are now pining on one or two acres of bad land, with one or two starved cows; and for this accommodation a calculation is made, that they must support their families, and pay the rents of their lots, not from the produce, but from the sea. When the herring fishery succeeds, they generally satisfy the landlords, whatever privations they may suffer; but when the fishing fails, they fall in arrears, and are sequestered, and their stocks sold to pay the rents, their lots given to others, and they and their families turned adrift on the world; but in these trying circumstances, he concludes, "We cannot sufficiently admire their meek and patient spirit, supported by the powerful influence of moral and religious principle."

The beautiful Strathnaver, containing a population equal to Kildonan, has been cleared in the same heartless manner.

In 1828, Donald Macleod, after a considerable absence, returned to his native Kildonan, where he attended divine service in the parish church, which he found attended by a congregation consisting of eight shepherds and their dogs—numbering between twenty and thirty—the minister, and three members of his family. Macleod came in too late for the first psalm, but at the conclusion of the service the fine old tune "Bangor" was given out, "when the four-footed hearers became excited, got up on the seats, and raised a most infernal chorus of howling. Their masters attacked them with their crooks, which only made matters worse; the yelping and howling continued to the end of the service." And Donald Macleod retired to contemplate the painful and shameful scene, and contrast it with what he had previously experienced as a member, for many years, of the large and devout congregation that worshipped formerly in the parish church of his native valley.

The Parish Church of Farr was no longer in existence; the fine population of Strathnaver was rooted and burnt out during the general conflagration, and presented a similar aspect to his own native parish. The church, no longer found necessary, was razed to the ground, and its timbers conveyed to construct one of the Sutherland "improvements"—the Inn at Altnaharra, while the minister's house was converted into a dwelling for a fox-hunter. A woman, well-known in the parish, travelling through the desolated Strath next year after the evictions, was asked on her return home for her news, when she replied—"Oh, chan eil ach sgiala bronach! sgiala bronach!" "Oh, only sad news, sad news! I have seen the timber of our well attended kirk covering the inn at Altnaharra; I have seen the kirk-yard where our friends are mouldering filled with tarry sheep, and Mr Sage's study turned into a kennel for Robert Gunn's dogs, and I have seen a crow's nest in James Gordon's chimney head;" after which she fell into a paroxysm of grief.

A. M.

Literature.

ALTAVONA: FACT AND FICTION FROM MY LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS. By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, F.R.S.E., Professor of Greek, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE more this work is looked into, the more will the reader be astonished at the variety of topics treated; it is truly a repertory of most matters connected with the Highlands, in places, persons, and problems. Nor less will he be delighted with the unusual temperance with which the whole, including difficult burning questions, are treated, and the skill and fairness with which the different opinions on each are presented. As he says himself, and as the world well knows, the Professor has "decided views" on most of the important social problems spoken of, but, as he also rightly claims, he strives always, when he most violently condemns, to appreciate his antagonist's point of view, and to state his case as sympathetically as possible. Then the mixed *olla podrida* is seasoned with admirable relishes of various kinds, which enhance the piquancy and palatableness of the dish. The amount of quotable phrase and sparkling point is remarkable in regard to most subjects. Errors or slips in style or fact are exceedingly few, as when he follows the vulgar mistake of making the whale feed upon herrings (p. 162). The whole forms a worthy monument of the author on important subjects to which he has devoted his later life; a valuable and speaking presentation of his complex, but attractive, personality, misunderstood by many, and known only to his intimates; and a contribution to Highland literature of eminent merit. The mere enumeration of the many subjects touched by his facile pen would fill our pages. Some of these, and we can touch only on a few in the wide and fertile field, we can scarcely more than mention, to give an idea of the racy variety of the entertainment, just as they come to hand.

Of scenery, he has numerous picturesque sketches, good specimens of word painting, more in the broad, free, dashing style of

Sam Bough than in the fine, if not finical, elaborateness of Waller Paton, who paints the sweet vignette in the title page. It is to be hoped that the book will also help our tourists—it will the thoughtful—to a wider and deeper appreciation of Highland scenery than is common, for as the author pleads, sight-seeing and scenery are much more “serious affairs” than they are generally made; and that it will shew them in high degree how they may become at once both education and enjoyment.

His portraits of the men he represents are unusually realistic and clear, as witness his characterisation of the busy hive of tourists on Oban Pier, but better still those of the greater personages he talks of—such as that “Prince-Apostle” of the Celts, St Columba, “a man of tall, stately, and aristocratic appearance, with powerful, piercing eyes, and grandly resonant voice”; “in temper, like St Paul, a man of mettle and high spirit, and, like King David, a sacred poet; and if he had a rope for his belt round his middle, depend upon it there was a sword hanging from it. In Columba I see a really great man—the man of lofty thought, fervid love, daring adventure, and enduring achievement.”

The Professor, of course, pleads for a broad humanity in all men “active, intelligent, heroic and fruitful,” and utterly condemns and condemns the systematic stupefaction of manhood in monkery. “We are here to fight the battle of life not to shirk it. To seek for virtue among such men is like swimming in a shallow pool where there is no danger of being drowned; such swimmers will never breast the Hellispoint.” The breadth and freedom he asks for, however, might frighten weak nerves, as when he admires the Frenchman who “fell on his knees before all the spectators, and gave public thanks to the Architect of the Universe” in Fingal’s Cave, as doing something, “at once so rational, so dramatic, and so devout,” which no Scotsman or Englishman would do, “the one being girt about with caution, the other with pride.”

He scatters his scorn on so-called Highland games, which æsthetics and humanity unite in condemning as if Highlanders were a poor down-trodden generation who have nothing but legs to show, and he wishes “more brain, and less brawn” cultivated at such gatherings.

He bemoans our prevalent want of taste in buildings under

the dominion "of the great goddess, Utilitaria, whom all Scotland and the World worships," though he notes growing improvement in this respect, and specially acknowledges that nothing attracts his eye so much as "the graceful architecture of the new schools throughout the Highlands." He also points out one source of the Scotch want of æsthetic culture, in the fact that "Sandy sees God only in the conscience and in the Bible, and not in nature."

He gives long pieces of history sometimes of little known periods and places, as the story of the Macleans, "high renowned" in their own little corners; but also of greater things, notably of Iona and its mighty influence over British religion, sketching the outline of an epic with Columba as its greater Æneas. And these chapters of history are wisely attached to real places and scenes when these are visited. In the use of these he gives an admirable lesson as to how national history should be learned in order to be felt and truly realised; for with Blackie, as he says, and as it should be with all wise men and patriots, "historical places are like roots from which whole centuries of buried life rise up resuscitated." It is to be feared that his censure of our Scotch obtuseness to the influences of the past, and our "irreverent carelessness" in regard to some of our finest ecclesiastical ruins until recent years, is quite deserved, when he says that "our regular Presbyterian Scot is, in some respects, a most irreverent animal."

He has some good remarks regarding the Celtic pride of ancestry, though in his incursions into this field, with all his power of throwing interest round the dry, he is likely to stop the common reader by a terrible treatise on Macdonald's genealogical tree in his first chapter. When "Church" boasts that he "knows nothing about his grandmother," he exclaims, "the more shame to you. The knowledge and esteem of ancestry has [one of the few grammatical slips in the volume] been the fruitful source whence the most brilliant feats of Celtic chivalry have sprung. It is only the modern Celtic form of that instinct of ancestral reverence which caused the Greeks to raise a temple to Theseus, and the Romans to do the same honour to Romulus"; though he confesses that this feeling has, no doubt, its degenerate type with not a few, "nothing better than a shallow senti-

mentalism, the hobby-horse of a ridiculous vanity, or the full-blown bladder of an empty pride."

Of harder matters, the learned and omnivorous Professor gives full taste, but bright, airy, and instructive withal, such as Gaelic philology, which he seeks to put on a scientific basis, as against the unscientific Gaelic enthusiasts for derivations and its uncorrupted priority and superiority to other tongues; gnarled Geology, as exhibited round Oban, and in Kerrera and Mull, in this case through the pen of that solemn fossil, the scientist "Hilarius," though the Professor trips when he speaks of the limestone of the Garveloch Islands, as "one of the most southerly links of the great limestone vein which crops out grandly at Inchnadamph and uttermost Durness," the Lorn limestone being in a different and much more easterly horizon; and on Botany, on which he delightedly discourses in Kerrera, at the brilliant pic-nic that figures in his third dialogue, with its superabundent good cheer, the liquid elements of which will, we fear, wreck the temperate Professor's good fame with the T.T.'s and the G.T.'s, as the *Times* has already more than hinted.

Of lighter subjects, we have ample store—Highland music; Highland poetry, of which he gives some admirable versions; original lyrics, all sparkingly good of their kind, and not least, that in praise of the Isle of Mist, done in no misty style, by the genial Sheriff of Kirkcudbright; his peculiar views of the functions of war in national manhood; his pro-German "blood and iron" sympathies; his frequent and righteous denunciations of modern fashion and affectation and genteel snobbery, which are "smothering nature and strangling simplicity"; his fears of the time when, "not cousinship and human kindness, but cash payment and political economy shall have become the only bond that binds the different classes of society together"; and a host of other pleasant and profitable intrusions of glowing lavas into the more regular and detailed series of the book.

Several social subjects are treated more in detail by our pro-Celtic Professor as bearing strongly on local and national well-being. Of these, Highland education is one on which he has decided views, and on which he has frequently spoken. He here again dilates on his opinions in favour of Highland culture for the Highland child, rich or poor, in addition to the subjects taught in com-

mon with Lowland schools. In the training of the upper classes of the Highlands, he rightly laments that they are "educated, not as Highland lairds, but as young Englishmen," having "deserted the national schools and colleges for Eton and Oxford, to be trained up in Anglified puppyism and would-be scholarly conceit." "They cannot speak a word of Gaelic, and know more of Horace and Homer—though that may be little enough—than of Duncan Ban and Alastair Macdonald." They thus become "Highlanders for the more part only in pride of pedigree, not in tone of sentiment or in type of culture." He deprecates any severe judgment of such individuals, the common type of even our old Highland proprietors' sons, for "they are what they are by the potent influence of birth, education, habit, and tradition."

On the rational use of Gaelic as a valuable instrument in the early education of the Gaelic child, as well as in his after culture, he is as strong and as sensible as ever; and he quotes in the appendix the Report of our local pro-Celtic inspector, Mr Jolly, for 1879, in favour of its use in our Highland schools, which was recently adopted by the Federation of Celtic Societies as their reply to the anti-Celtic opinions of some of his colleagues. The Professor puts the whole subject in a nut-shell when he says, "A man may have many languages, but he can only have one mother tongue." But on this topic we need not again enter more at length here.

Another important social subject to which he devotes large space is the religion of the Highlands. On this difficult theme, will be found in these pages as clear, temperate, reverent, and far-reaching a statement of the state of this difficult problem as we remember to have seen; combined with an unusually fresh and philosophical presentation of the Celtic phase of the religious sentiment, such as it has seldom or ever received, for which Professor Blackie should gain our lasting gratitude, including that of Dr Kennedy, who will not, we are sure, refuse it. While characterising our excessive divisiveness in forming sects in Scotland, which it would require "peculiar idiopathic microscopes" to discern the differences between, he sees in this tendency the activity of our national religiousness. He attempts to account for the Disruption on grounds on which there will ever be differences of opinion, but his views deserve to be examined by both parties. He endeavours very successfully to account for the strong anti-

patronage and seemingly anti-Establishment attitude of the Highlanders at the religious revolution of '43, and their present pro-Establishment position, in connection with the movement for Disestablishing the church. In doctrine, he not unjustly characterises the Highlander as "the most orthodox, most narrow-minded, and the most one-sided of all theologians." But no where have the Highlander's special religious views been presented in such attractive and reasonable philosophic guise than in this book, in regard even to those severer forms of Calvinism that are his own pet doctrines, and the antipathy of others. As to the average intelligent Highlander's ability to give a reason for the faith that is in him, he says to his Oxonian friend, "If you do wish to prove your mettle in a stiff theological argument, depend upon it, my dear Kit, with all your Oxford Greek and all your Aristotelian logic, you will find some Ferintosh evangelist, even though not a D.D., an antagonist worthy of your steel"—a not unmerited compliment, though most Lowlanders will doubt its truth,

He strongly and rightly condemns the gloom that haunts our Highland religious life and daily walk, as both "a renunciation of humanity and a declaration of war against all temporal and visible enjoyments—a temper the very reverse of that which was praised and practised by Socrates and other wise Greeks, with whom religion was rather the art of enjoying the present life according to reason." He also states an undoubted fact when he piquantly says that "There is nothing more difficult for the Highland mind to reconcile than gaiety and piety, amusement and religion"; a reconciliation which our northern clergy should set themselves actively to promote, in the interests of religion and morals, and which we hope is now much nearer than it has too long been. As was to be expected from such a lay preacher on secular subjects on Sunday, he condemns "the Pharisaic formalism with which our countrymen inculcate Sabbath observance, as, beyond doubt, Jewish rather than Christian in its character, and as giving to the letter of a statutable enactment a value which belongs only to the laws of eternal and inimitable morality"—a statement of the Sabbath question at once theological and philosophical, though making distinctions in the decalogue that some will not relish.

He highly commends Highland preaching on various grounds. He does not believe that its alleged want of practicality applies more to it than to the general run of sermons "with which pious ears are washed in this country, Sunday after Sunday, with such faithfulness of pious routine." He is strong in praise of its fervid appeal to the emotions, its addressing the heart above the head, even when it offends most against cold pulpit proprieties, for "tameless cannot be the style, nor propriety the law, of any sort of effective discourse. In the English pulpit by systematically cramping nature and damping fervour, you have murdered eloquence," which he holds to exist more in the Highlands than in other parts of the country. The function of that peculiar Highland religious class, the lay assistant bishops, called "the men," he gives an admirable account of, and reason for, and would like to see it in existence elsewhere. He describes the class very felicitously and fairly (p. 333), and holds with truth that they could not have acquired the high influence over their fellows they unquestionably had, unless they had been endowed with talents capable of commanding the attention and moulding the minds of an intelligent peasantry.

But we have already been tempted too far for our space into the attractive field of prose and poetry exhibited in *Altavona*. One other important and pregnant question now daily claiming increased attention and demanding no distant solution, on which he enters very fully, the relation of the landowner to the tenant, we reserve for a future day. Enough has, we hope, been said to show that in this unique work on the Highlands, the intelligent reader—and surely there are many such interested in the problems discussed—cannot but rise from its perusal, to recur once more to the words of its author, "rich in not a few facts and ideas," and with a conviction that the Professor possesses, as he claims, "knowledge enough to correct some of the misty conceptions that float through the mind of the average Englishman," and, he might added, Scotsman, on most subjects connected with the Highlands of Scotland.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—Several important articles, communications, and queries are unavoidably left over, but we hope to give most of them in our next number.